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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

# The Temptation of Our Lord

By JOHN BALE

BISHOP OF OSSORY

*Written*, 1538

[*Bodleian Library, Douce B, Subst.* 164]

*Reproduced in Facsimile*, 1909

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# The Tudor Facsimile Texts

*Under the Supervision and Editorship of*

JOHN S. FARMER

# The Temptation of Our Lord

By JOHN BALE

BISHOP OF OSSORY

1538

*Issued for Subscribers by*

T. C. & E. C. JACK, 16 HENRIETTA STREET

LONDON, W.C.: AND EDINBURGH

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# The Temptation of Our Lord

By JOHN BALE

BISHOP OF OSSORY

*A single copy only of this play is known to be extant (Bodleian, Douce B, Subst.* 164).

*Agreeable to my practice of showing originals as far as may be exactly as they appear to-day, I have included the page of script at the commencement of the printed copy: the subject-matter of this page needs no comment in this place.*

*All Bodleian photographic work has to be done through and by the Clarendon Press; they are, therefore, responsible for the negatives used by the printers of this series (see my general remarks in this connection in the Introduction to the play of "The Marriage of Wit and Science").*

*It would appear from a critical examination of the workmanship of this facsimile reproduction that here again the negatives generally show a certain want of crispness and "contact," with the result that the backgrounds of all the plates are printed a trifle too heavy. Otherwise the reproduction is "very good."*

JOHN S. FARMER.



191656

Bale, in the list of his own works, mentions the Baptism and temptation, and also the Temptation separately, beginning as this does.

I suspect that this copy has originally followed some edition that commenced with the Baptism, which is alluded to in the second line of this piece, as it begins with Signature D

Ames seems to speak of this enterlude as separate; perhaps from not having observed the signatures, if this was his copy, which is not improbable

Mr. Herbert in his republication of Ames, p. 1540 likewise mentions this piece, but from his description of the compartment in the title, and from his calling it an 8°. (as indeed Ames had done) it should seem that he must have seen another copy.

Quere if the enterlude of John the Baptist preaching in the wilderness contains the Baptism above alluded to? See Herbert p. 1540.

Bale in p. 702 of his own life in his Scriptores Britannici speaking of his imprisonments says "Pius Cromwelus qui regi Henrico ab intimis erat ob editas comedias me semper liberavit."

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# A breſe Comedy or enter lude concernynge the temptacyon of our lorde and ſauer Jeſus Chriſt, by Sathan in the deſart. Compyled by Johan Bale, Anno M. D. XXXVIII.

Jeſus was led from thens of the ſpyrite into the wyldernes, to be tempted of the deuyll. And whan he had faſted fourty dayes and fourty nyghtes, he was at laſt an hungered.
Mathei iiij.

Interlocutores,

Ieſus Chriſtus,
Satan tentator:
Angelus primus,
Angelus alter,
Baleus Prolocutor,

Præfatio,
Baleus Prolocutor,

AFter hys baptyme. Chriſt was Gods ſonne declared.
By the fathers voyce, as ye before haue heard,
Whych ſygnyfyeth to vs, that we ones baptyſed
Are the ſonnes of God, by hys gift & reward,
And bycauſe that we, ſhuld haue Chriſt in regarde,
He gaue vnto hym, the myghtye autoryte,
Of hys heauenlye worde, our only teacher to be,

Now is he gone fourth, into the deſart place,
With the holy Ghoſt, hys offyce to begynne.
Where Sathan the deuyll, with hys aſſaultes apace,
With colours of craft, and manye a ſubtyle gynne,
Wyll vndermynde hym, yet nothynge ſhall he wynne,
But ſhame and rebuke, in the concluſyon fynall,
Thys tokenneth our rayſe, and hys vnrecurable fall.

Lerne firſt in thys acte, that we whom Chriſt doth call,
Ought not to folowe, the fantaſyes of Man,
But the holy Ghoſt, as our gyde ſpecyall,
Whych to defende vs, is he that wyll and can,
To perſecucyon, lete vs prepare vs than,
For that wyll folowe, in them that ſeke the truth.
Marke in thys proceſſe, what troubles to Chriſt enſuth.

Sathan aſſaulteth hym, with many a ſubtyle dryft,
So wyll he do vs, if we take Chriſtes part.
And whan that helpeth not, he ſeketh an other ſhyft,
The rulers amonge, to put Chriſt vnto ſmart,
With ſo manye elſ, as beare hym their good hart.

Be ye

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Be ye sure of this, as ye are of dayly meate,
If ye folowe Christ, with hym ye must be beate.

For assaultes of Sathan, lerne here the remedye,
Take the worde of God, lete that be your defence.
So wyll Christ teache yow, in our neyt Comedye,
Erneſtly prent it, in your quyck intellygence.
Reſyſt not the worlde, but with meke pacyence,
If ye be of Christ. Of thys heraſter ye ſhall,
Perceyue more at large, by the ſtory as it fall.

Incipit Comœdia.

Ieſus Christus.

N to thys deſart, the holy Ghoſt hath brought me,
After my baptyme, of Sathan to be tempted,
Therby to inſtruct, of Man the imbecyllyte,
That after he hath, Gods holy ſpirite receyued,
Dyuerſely he muſt, of Sathan be impugned,
Leaſt he for Gods gyfte, ſhuld fall into a pryde.
And that in parell, he take me for hys gyde.

Thynke not me to faſt, bycauſe I wolde yow to faſt,
For than ye thynke wronge, and haue vayne iudgement,
But of my faſtynge, thynke rather thys my caſt,
Sathan to prouoke, to worke hys curſed intent,
And to teache yow wayes, hys myſchefes to preuent,
By the worde of God, whych muſt be your defence,
Rather than faſtynges, to withſtande hys vyolence.

I haue faſted here, the ſpace of forty dayes,
Perfourmynge that faſt, whych Moſes had in fygure,

To ſtoppe their mouthes with, whych bable & prate alwayes
Thus ded our fathers, My name and fame to dyſuygure.
Therfor now I taſt, of faſtynge here the rygure,
And am ryght hungrye, after longe abſtynence.
Thys mortall bodye, complayneth of indygence.

Satan tentator.

No where I fourther, but euery where I noye,
For I am Sathan, the commen aduerſarye,
An enemy to Man, hym ſekynge to deſtroye
And to brynge to nought, by my aſſaultes moſt craftye.
I watche euery where, wantynge no polycye,
To trappe hym in ſnare, and make hym the chylde of hell.
What nombre I wynne, it were very longe to tell.

I hearde a great noyſe, in Iordane now of late,
Vpon one Jeſus, ſoundynge from heauen aboue.
Thys is myne owne ſonne, whych hath withdrawne al hate,
And he that doth ſtande, moſt hyghly in my loue.
My wyttes the ſame ſounde, doth not a lyttle moue,
He cometh to redeme, the kynde of Man I feare,
Hyghtyme is it than, for me the cooles to ſteare.

I wyll not leaue hym, tyll I knowe what he ys,
And what he entendeth, in thys ſame border heare,
Subtyltie muſt helpe, els all wyll be amys,
A godlye pretence, outwardly muſt I beare,
Semynge relygyouſe, deuoute and ſad in my geare,
If he be come now, for the redempcyon of Man,
As I feare he is, I wyll ſtoppe hym if I can.

Hic ſimulata religione Chriſtum aggreditur.

It is a grat ioye, by my holydome to ſe,
So vertuouſe a lyfe, in a yonge man as yow be.

Ye here thus to wander, in godly contemplacyon.
And to lyue alone, in the desart solytarye.

Iesus Christus.

Your pleasure is it, to vtter your fantasye.

Satan tentator.

A brother am I, of thys desart wylderneſſe,
And full glad wolde be, to talke with yow of goodneſſe.
If ye wolde accept, my symple cumpanye.

Iesus Christus.

I dysdayne nothynge, whych is of God trulye.

Satan tentator.

Than wyll I be bolde, a lyttle with yow to walke.

Iesus Christus.

Do so if ye lyst, and your mynde frely talke.

Satan tentator.

Now forsoth and God, it is ioye of your lyfe,
That ye take sech paynes, and are in vertu so ryfe.
Where so small ioyes are, to recreate the hart.

Iesus Christus.

Here are for pastyme, the wylde beastes of the desart.
With whom mech better, it is to be conuersaunt,
Than with sech people, as are to God repugnaunt.

Satan tentator.

Ye speake it full well, it is euen as ye saye,
But tell me how longe, ye haue bene here, I yow praye.

Iesus Christus.

Fourty dayes and nyghtes, without any sustenaunce.

Satan tentator.

So mech I iudged, by your pale countenaunce.
Then is it no maruele, I trowe, though ye hungrye.

Iesus Christus.

My stomack declareth, the weakeneſſe of my bodye.

Satan tentator.

Well, to be pleyne with yow, abroade the rnmour doth rõne
Amonge the people, that ye shuld be Gods sonne.
If ye be Gods sonne, as it hath great lykelyhode,
Make of these stones breade, and geue your bodye hys fode.

Iesus Christus.

No offence is it, to eate whan men be hungrye,
But to make stones breade, it is vnnecessarye.
He whych in thys fast, hath bene my specyall gyde,
Fode for my bodye, is able to prouyde.
I thanke my lorde God, I am at no soche nede,
As to make stones breade, my bodye so to fede.

Whã I come in place, where God hath appoynted meate,
Geuynge hym hygh thankes. I shall not spare to eate,

Satan tentator.

Not only for that, thys symylytude I brynge,
But my purpose is, to conclude an other thynge.
At the fathers voyce, ye toke thys lyfe in hande,
Myndynge now to preache, as I do vnderstande.
In case ye do so, ye shall fynde the offyce harde.
My mynde is in thys, ye shuld your body regarde,

And not vndy seretelye, to cast your selfe awaye.
Rather take som ease, than ye shuld so decaye.
I put case ye be, Gods sonne, what can that further?
Preache ye ones the truth, the byshoppes wyll ye murther.
Therfor beleue not, the voyce that ye ded heare,
Though it came from God, for it is vnsauery geare.

Beyonde your cumpas, rather than ye so ronne,
Forsake the offyce, and denye your selfe Gods sonne.

Iesus

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Iesus Christus.

Ye speake in that poynt, very vnaduysedlye,
For it is written, in the eyt of Deutronomye,
Man lyueth not by breade, or corporall fedynge onlye,
But by Gods promyse, and by hys scriptures heauenlye.
Here ye persuade me, to recreate my bodye,
And neglected Gods worde, whych is great blasphemye.

Thys caused Adam, from innocencye to fall,
And all hys offprynge, made myserable and mortall.
Where as is Gods worde, there is both sprete and lyse,
And where that is not, death and dampnacyon is ryse.
The strength of Gods worde, myghtyly sustayned Moses,
For fourty dayes space, therof soch is the goodnes.

It fortyfyed Helias, it preserued Daniel,
And holpe in the desart, the chyldren of Israel.
Sore plages do folowe, where Gods worde is reiect,
For no persuasyon, wyll I therfor neglect,
That offyce to do, whych God hath me commaunded,
But in all mekenesse, it shall be accomplyshed.

Satan tentator.

I had rather naye, consyderynge your febleneſſe,
For ye are but truly, ye are no stronge persone doughtleſſe.

Iesus Christus.

Well, it is not the breade, that doth a man vpholde,
But the lorde of heauen, with hys graces manyfolde.
He that Man create, is able hym to noryſh,
And after weakeneſſe, cause hym agayne to floryſh.
Gods worde is a rule, for all that man shuld do,
And out of that rule, no creature ought to go.
He that it foloweth, can not out of the waye,

In meate not in drynke, in ſadneſſe not in playe.

Satan tentator.

Je are ſtyfnecked, ye wyll folowe no good counſell.

Ieſus Chriſtus.

Yes, whan it is ſeen, as the holye ſcripture tell.

Satan tentator.

Scriptures I knowe non, for I am but an hermyte I,
I maye ſaye to yow, it is no part of our ſtody.
We relygyouſe men, lyne all in contemplacyon,
Scriptures to ſtodye, is not our occupacyon.
It longeth to doctours. Nowbeyt I maye ſaye to yow,
As blynde are they as we, in the vnderſtandynge now.

Well ſhall it pleaſe ye, any farther, with me to walke,
Though I lyttle profyght, yet doth it me good to talke.

Ieſus Chriſtus.

To tarry or go, it is all one to me,

Satan tentator.

Lete vs than wander, into the holye cyte,
Of Hieruſalem, to ſe what is there a do.

Ieſus Chriſtus.

I ſhall not ſaye naye, but am agreable therto.

Satan tentator.

My purpoſe is thys, A voyce in your eare ded rynge,
That ye were Gods ſone, and welbeloued darlynge,
And yow belene it, but ye are the more vnwyſe,
For to deceyne yow, it was ſome ſubtyle practyſe.
Well, vpon that voyce, ye are geuen to perſyghtneſſe
Not els regardynge, but to lyue in ghoſtlynneſſe.

Ye watche, faſt and praye, ye ſhyne in contemplacyon,
Leadynge here a lyfe, beyonde all eſtymacyon,

No

Na meate wyll ye eate, but lyue by Gods worde onlye,
So good are ye wayt, so perfyght and so holye.
I wyll brynge ye (I trowe) to the welle of ghostlynesse,
Where I shall fyll ye, and glutt ye with holynesse.

What, holy, quoth he? Naye, ye were neuer so holye,
As I wyll make ye, if ye folowe hansomlye.
Here is all holy, here is the holy cytie,
The holy temple, and the holy prestes here be,
Ye wyll be holy ynough, ye shall be aboue them all,
Bycause ye are Gods sonne, it doth ye so befall.

Come here, on the pynnacle, we wyll be by and by.

Iesus Christus.

What meane ye by that? shewe fourth your fantasy.

Satan tentator.

When ye were hungrye, I ded ye fyrst persuade,
Of stones to make breade, but ye wolde non of that trade.
Ye layed for your self, that scripture wolde not serue it,
That was your bucklar, but now I am for ye fyt.
For the suggestyon, that I now shall to ye laye,
I haue scripture at hande, ye shall it not denaye.

Iesus Christus

Kepe it not secrete, but lete it than be hod.

Satan tentator.

If ye do beleue, that ye are the sonne of God,
Beleue thys also, if ye leape downe here in scoff,
From thys hygh pynnacle, ye can take no harme theroff.
And therfor be bolde, thys enterpryse to leoparde.
If ye be Gods sonne, cast downe your self here backwarde,

Iesus Christus.

Truly that nede not, here is other remedye,

To the grounde to go, than to fall downe foly ſhlye.
Here are greſynges made, to go vp and downe therby,
What nede I than leape, to the earthe preſumptuouſly.

Satan tentator.

Saye that ye ded it, vpon a good intent.

Ieſus Chriſtus

That were neyther good, nor yet conuenyent.
Daungers are doubtfull, where ſoch preſumpcyon is.

Satan tentator.

Tuſh, ſcripture is with it, ye can not fare amys.
For it is written, how God hath geuen a charge,
Vnto hys Angels, that if ye leape at large,
They ſhall receyue ye, in their handes tenderly,
Leaſt ye dalhe your fote, agaynſt a ſtone therby.

Jf ye do take ſcath, belene God is not trewe,
Nor iuſt of hys worde, And than byd hym adewe.

Ieſus Chriſtus.

Jn no wyſe ye ought, the ſcriptures to de praue,
But as they lye whole, ſo ought ye them to haue.
Nomore take ye here, than ſerue for your vayne purpoſe
Leauynge out the beſt, as ye ſhuld tryfle or gloſe
Ye mynde not by thys, towardes God to edyfye,
But of ſyncere fayethe, to corrupt the innocencye.

Satan tentator.

Whye, is it not true, that ſoch a texte there is?

Ieſus Chriſtus.

Yes, there is ſoch a texte, but ye wraſt it all amys.
As the Pſalme dothſaye, God hath commaunded Angels,
To preſerue the iuſt, from daungerouſe plages and parels.

Satan tentator.

Well, than Jſayd true, and as it lyeth in the texte,

Ieſus

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Iesus Christus.

Yea, but ye omytted, foure wordes whych foloweth nexte,
As (in all thy wayes) whych if ye put out of syght,
Ye shall neuer take, that place of scripture a ryght.
Their wayes are soch rules, as God hath them commaunded,
By hys lyuynge worde, instlye to be obserued.

If they passe those rules, the Angels are not bounde,
To be their sauegarde, but rather them to confounde,
To fall downe backwarde, of a wanton peuyshnes,
Is non of thōse wayes, that God euer taught doughtles.
Then if I ded it, I shuld tempt God very sore,
And deserue to haue, hys anger euermore.

I wyll not so do, for their fathers in the desart,
Ded so tempt hym ones, and had the hate of hys hart.
The clause that ye had, maketh for nō outrarde workynge,
If ye marke the Psalme, throughly from hys begynnynge.
But what is the cause, ye wēt not fourth with the nexte verse.

Satan tentator.

It made not for me, if ye wyll, ye maye it reherse.

Iesus Christus.

Thu shalt (sayth the Psalme) subdue the cruell serpent,
And treade vndre fote, the lyon and dragon pestylent.

Satan tentator.

No nyghar (I saye) for there ye touche fre holde.

Iesus Christus.

Some loue in no wyse, to haue their rudenesse tolde.
To walke in Gods wayes, it becometh a mortall man,
And therfor I wyll, obeye them if I can.
For it is written, in the seyt of Deutronomy,
Thu shalt in no wyse, tempt God presumptiouselye.

Satan tentator.

What is it to tempt God after your iudgement.

Iesus Christus.

To take of hys worde, an outwarde experyment,
Of anydle brayne, whych God neyther thought nor ment.

Satan tentator.

What persones do so? make that more euydent.

Iesus Christus.

All soch as forsake, anye grace or remedye,
Appoynted of God, for their owne polycye.
As they that do thynke, that God shald fyll their bellye,
Without their labours, whan hys lawes are contrarye.
And they that wyll saye, the scripture of God doth slee.
They neuer serchynge, therof the veryte.
Those also tempt God, that vowe presumptnouslye,
Not hauynge hys gyft, to kepe their contynencye.
With so manye els, as folowe their good intentes.
Not groũded on God, not yet on hys commaundementes.
These throwe themselues downe, into most depe dãpnacyon.

Satan tentator.

Lyttle good get I, by thys communycacyon.
Wyll ye walke farther, and lete thys pratlynge be?
A mountayne here is, whych I wolde yow to se,
Trust me and ye wyll, it is a commodyouse thynge.

Iesus Christus.

If it be so good, lete vs by thydre goynge.

Satan tentator.

Lo, how saye ye now, is not here a plesaunt syght?
If ye wyll ye maye, haue here all the worldes delyght.
Here is to be seane, the kyngedome of Arabye,
With all the regyons, of Affryck, Europe, and Asye,
And their whole delyghtes, their pompe, their magnyfycẽce.

Their

Their ryches. their honour, their welth, their concupyscēce
Here is golde and syluer, in wonderfull habundaunce.
Sylkes, veluetes, tyssues, with wynes & spyces of plesaunce.
Here are fayre women, of countenaunce ameable,
With all kyndes of meates, to the body dylectable.
Here are camels, stoute horses, & mules that neuer wyll tyre,
With so manye pleasures, as your hart can desyre.

Iesus Christus.

Well, he be praysed, whych is of them the geuer.

Satan tentator.

Alas it greueth me, that ye are soch a beleuer.
Nothynge can I laye, but euer ye anoyde me,
By the worde of God. Leaue that poynt ones I prayye.
If I byd ye make, of stones breade for your bodye,
Ye saye man lyueth not, in temporall feadynge onlye,
As I byd ye leape, downe from the pynnacle aboue,
Ye wyll not tempt God, otherwyse than yow behoue.
Thus are ye styll poore, thus are ye styll weake and nedye,

Iesus Christus.

And what suppose ye, wyll that nede remedye?

Satan tentator.

Forsake the beleue, that ye haue in Gods worde,
That ye are hys sonne, for it is not worth a torde,
Is he a father, that se hys sonne thus famyshe?
If ye beleue it, I saye ye are to folysh.
Ye se these pleasures. If yow be ruled by me,
I shall make ye a man. To my wordes therfor agre.
Loke on these kyngedomes, and incomparable treasure,
I the lorde of them, maye geue them at my pleasure.
Forsake that father, whych leaueth the without confort,
In thys desolacyon, and hens fourth to me resort.
Knowledge me for head, of thys worlde vnyuersall.

And I wyll make the, possessor of them all.
Thu shalt no longar, be desolate and hungrye,
But haue all the worlde, to do the obsequye.
Therfor knele downe here, and worshypp me thys houre,
And thu shalt haue all, with their whole strenth and poure.

Iesus Christus.

Auoyde thu Sathan, Thu deuyll, thu aduersarye,
For now thu perswadest, most damnable blasphemye.
As thu art wycked, so is thy promyse wycked,
Not thyne is the worlde, but hys that it created.
Thu canny̆st not geue it, for it is not thyne to geue,
Thus dedy̆st thu corrupt, the fayth of Adam and Eue,
Thus dedy̆st thu deceyue, both Moses and Aaron,
Causynge them to doubt, at the lake of contradyccyon.
Get the hens thu fyende, and cruell aduersarye,
For it is written, in the tenth of Deutronomye.
God thu shalt worshypp, and magnyfye alone,
Holde hym for thy lorde, and make to hym thy mone,
He is the true God, he is the lorde of all,
Not only of thys, but the worlde celestyall.
Thy perswasyon is, I shuld not hys worde regarde,
O venemouse serpent, dampnacyon is thy rewarde.
Prouyde wyll I so, that thy kyngedom shall decaye,
Gods worde shall be hearde, of the worlde though thu saye naye.

Satan tentator.

Well, than it helpeth not, to tarry here any longar,
A duauntage to haue, I se I must go farther.
So longe as thu lyuest, I am lyke to haue no profyght,
If all come to passe, I may se syt as moch in your lyght,
If ye preach Gods worde, as me thynke ye do intende,
Ere foure years be past, I shall yow to your father sende,
If pharysees and scrybes, can do any thynge therto,

False

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False prestes and byshoppes, with my other seruauntes mo.
Though I haue hynderaunce, it wyll be but for a season,
I doubt not, thyne owne, hereafter wyll worke some treason
Thy vycar at Rome, I thynke wyll be my frynde,
I defye the therfor, and take thy wordes but as wynde.
He shall me worshypp, and haue the worlde to rewarde,
That thu here forsakest, he wyll most hyghlye regarde.
Gods worde wyll he treade, vnderneth hys fote for euer,
And th' hartes of men, from the truth therof dyssener,
Thy fayth wyll he hate, and slee thy flocke in conclusyon,
All thys wyll I worke, to do the vtter confusyon.

Iesus Christus,

Thy cruell assaultes, shall hurt neyther me nor myne,
Though we suffer both, by the prouydence dyuyne,
Soch strength is ours, that we wyll haue vyctorye,
Of synne death and helle, and of the in thy most furye.
For God hath promysed, that hys shall treade the dragon,
Vnderneth their fete, with the fearce roarynge lyon.

Hic angeli accedunt, solacium administraturi.

Angelus primus.

The father of confort, and heauenly consolacyon,
Hath sent vs hyther, to do our admynystracyon.
We come not to helpe, but to do our obsequye,
As seruauntes becometh, to their lorde and maistre meekelye.
If our offyce be, to wayte on creatures mortall,
Why shuld we not serue, the maistre and lorde of all?

Angelus alter.

It is our confort, it is our whole felycyte,
To do our seruyce, and in your presence to be.
We haue brought ye fode, to confort your weake bodye,
After your great fast, and notable vyctorye.
Vnto all the worlde, your byrth we first declared,

And now these vytayles, we haue for yow prepared,

Iesus Christus.

Come nyghar to me, Swete father thankes to the,
For these gracyous gyftes, of thy lyberalyte.

Hic coram angelis ex appositis comedet.

Angelus primus.

How meke art thu lorde, to take that nature on the?
Whych is so tendre, and full of infyrmyte.
As Mannys nature is, both feble faynt and werye,
Weake after labour, and after fastynge hungrye.
Forsoth heauen and earth, yea, helle maye be astoyned,
The Godhede to se, to so frayle nature ioyned,

Angelus alter.

In hys owne he is, for he the worlde first create,
Yet semeth the worlde, to haue hym in great hate.
Aboute thirty yeares, hath he bene here amonge them,
Some tyme in Jewrye, and some tyme in Hierusalem.
But fewe to thys daye, haue done hym reuerence,
Or as to their lorde, shewed their obedyence.

Iesus Christus,

My commynge hyther, is for to seke no glorye,
But the hygh pleasure, and wyll of my father heauenlye.
He wyll requyre it, at a certayne daye, no doughte,
And shall reuenge it, loke they not wele aboughte.

Angelus primus: Plebem alloquitur.

The lorde here for yow, was borne and circumcysed,
For yow here also, he was latelye baptysed.
In the wylderneſſe, thys lorde for yow hath fasted,
And hath ouercomen, for yow the denyll that tempted:
For yow fryndes for yow, thys heauenly lorde doth all,
Only for your sake, he is become man mortall.

Angelus alter.

Take

Concluſio.

Take the ſhy elde of fayth, and lerne to reſyſt the deuyll.
After hys teachynges, that he do yow non euyll,
Full ſure ſhall ye be, to haue vs on your ſyde,
If ye be faythfull, and holde hym for your gyde.

Ieſus Chriſtus

If they folowe me, they ſhall not walke in darkenes,
But in the clere lyght, and haue felycyte endles,
For I am the waye, the lyfe and the veryte,
No man maye attayne, to the father but by me.

Angelus primus.

In mannys frayle nature, ye haue conquerred the enmye,
That man ouer hym, ſould alwayes haue vyctorye.

Angelus alter.

Our maner is it, moſt hyghlye to reioyce,
Whan Man hath confort, whych we now declare in voyce.

Hic dulce canticum coram Chriſto depromunt.

Baleus Prolocutor.

Lete it not greue yow, in thys worlde to be tempted,
Conſyderynge your lorde, and your hygh byſhopp Ieſus,
Was here without ſynne, in euery purpoſe proued,
In all our weakeneſſe, to helpe and ſocour vs,
Farthermore to beare, with our fragylyte thus.
He is vnworthye, of hym to be a member,
That wyll not with hym, ſome perſecucyon ſuffer.

The lyfe of Man is, a profe or harde temptacyon,
As Job doth report, and Paule confirmeth the ſame.
Buſye is the deuyll, and laboureth hys dampnacyon,
Yet haue no dyſpayre, for Chriſt hath gote the game.
How is it eaſye, hys cruelneſſe to tame,

Concluſio.

For Chriſtes victorye, is theirs that do beleue.
Ye here ſayth take rotynge, the deuyll can neuer greue.
Reſyſt (ſayth Peter) reſyſt that roarynge lyon,
Not with your faſtynges, Chriſt neuer taught ye ſo.
But with a ſtronge fayth, withſtande hys falſe ſuggeſtyon.
And with the ſcriptures, vpon hym euer go,
Then ſhall he no hat me, be able yow to do.
Now maye ye be bolde, ye haue Chriſt on your ſyde.
So longe as ye haue, hys veryte for your gyde.

What enemyes are they, that from the people wyll haue,
The ſcriptures of God, whych are the myghty weapon,
That Chriſt left them here, their ſowles from helle to ſaue.
And throwe them headlondes, into the deuyls domynyon.
If they be no deuyls, I ſaye there are deuyls non,
They brynge in faſtynge, but they leaue out, Scriptum eſt,
Chalke they geue for gold, ſoch fryndes are they to the Beeſt.

Lete non report vs, that here we condempne faſtynge.
For it is not true, we are of no ſoch mynde.
But thys we couete, that ye do take the thynge,
For a frute of fayth, as it is done in kynde,
And onlye Gods worde, to ſubdue the cruell fynde.
Folowe Chriſt alone, for he is the true ſheparde,
The voyce of ſtraungers, do neuer more regarde.

# Thus endeth thys breſe Comedy conter nynge the temptacyon of Jeſus Chriſt in the wyldernes.

Compyled by Johan Bale, Anno M. D. XXXVIII.

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